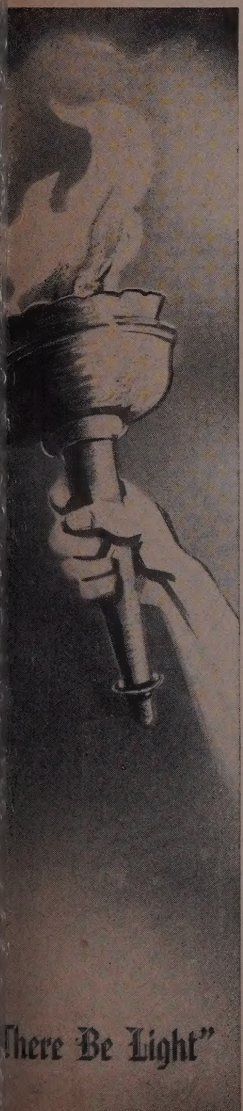
10c per copy
50 " year

NOVEMBER, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



We Give Thanks

By GRENVILLE KLEISER

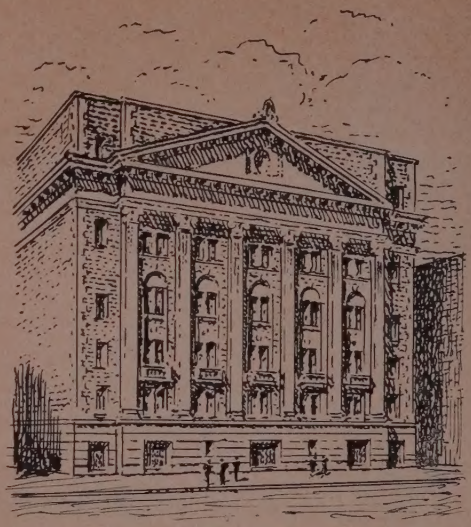
LORD God of hosts, we render thanks
For all Thy mercies sure;
Thy tender love environs us,
And will through life endure.

Teach us to know Thy perfect will,
Humble and meek to be;
May we in gladness praise Thy name
Throughout eternity.

Lord God of hosts, we offer thanks
And call upon Thy name;
A psalm of praise to Thee we sing,
Thy wondrous love proclaim.

Thou art our refuge and our strength;
There is no other power;
If sudden danger threatens us,
We find in Thee a tower.

Lord God of hosts, we proffer praise;
Direct us on our way;
With grateful hearts we worship Thee
On this Thanksgiving Day.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XIX **NOVEMBER, 1942** *Number 8*

Announcing

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

Presenting Twelve Outstanding Figures in the Modern Scene

NOTED JOURNALISTS—PHILOSOPHERS—HISTORIANS

OCT. 20th—"THE WORLD IN REVIEW"—A SYMPOSIUM
Dr. Preston Bradley, Philosopher
M. W. Fodor, Historian
Samuel Grafton, Journalist
Dr. Gerhard Schacher, Economist

NOV. 17th—"FREEDOM IN THE MODERN WORLD"—A DEBATE
Mortimer Adler and Bertrand Russell
Outstanding Philosophic Writers

DEC. 8th—"I SAW IT MYSELF"—Ace Far-Eastern Correspondent Cecil Brown

JAN. 5th—"'CAUSE THE BIBLE TELLS ME SO"—Boake Carter
Journalist, radio commentator, author

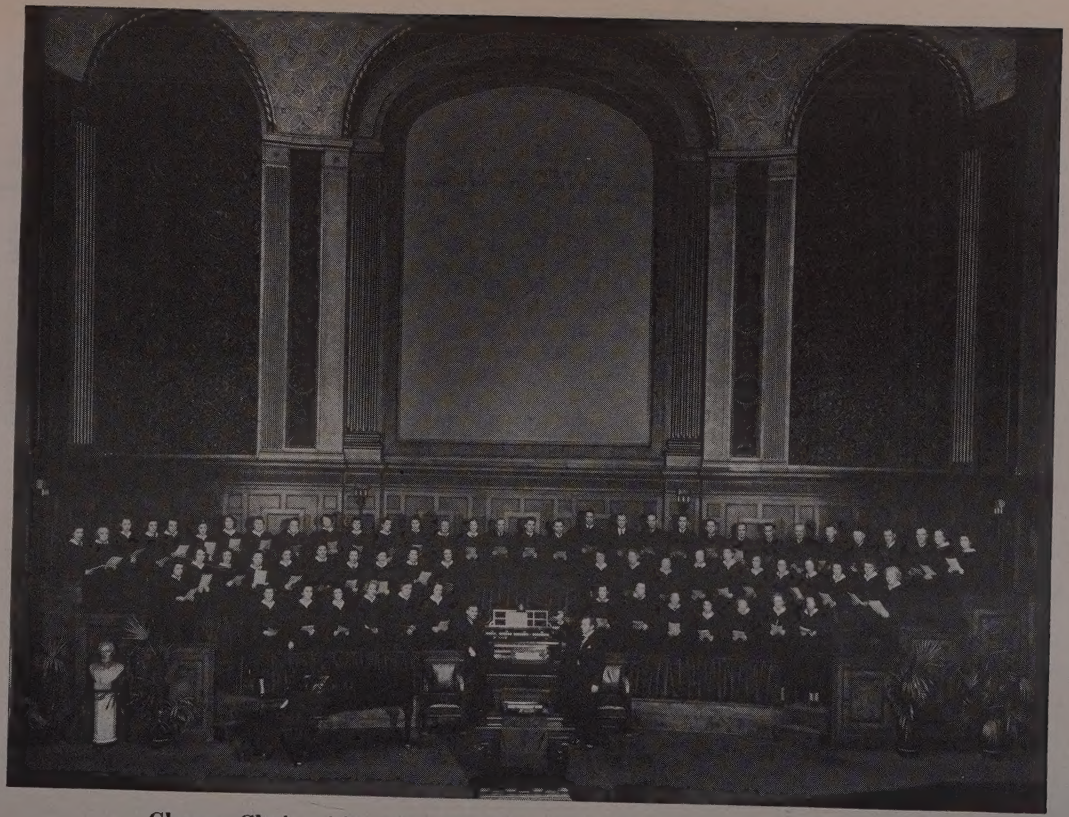
JAN. 19th—"AT THE RINGSIDE OF HISTORY"—H. R. Knickerbocker
Dean of War Correspondents

FEB. 16th—"THE MILITARY PANORAMA"—Major George Fielding Eliot

MAR. 2nd—"THE THEATRE OF ANGNA ENTERS"
Angna Enter's program of her special "theatre"

MAR. 16th—"VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER"—Major Alexander P. de Seversky
Noted authority on aeronautics

Season subscriptions for "The People's Forum" are $6.60 each (tax included). Secure them now to be sure that you hear these great lecture-events.
See page 18 for subscription blank.



Chorus Choir of Peoples Church—Emerson Abernethy, Director; Philip Jorgensen, Organist.

SUNDAY SERVICES

SUNDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

SUNDAY EVENING—7:30 o'clock

THANKSGIVING SERVICE—THURSDAY MORNING—11:00 o'clock—Broadcast by WJJD

NOVEMBER BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock sharp

NOV. 4—"Washington is Like That," by W. M. Kiplinger

NOV. 11—"Last Train from Berlin," by Howard K. Smith

NOV. 18—"The Song of Bernadette," by Franz Werfel

NOV. 25—"The Robe," by Lloyd C. Douglas

RADIO ACTIVITIES

Every evening, Monday through Friday, at 6:00 o'clock, Dr. Bradley is on the air over Station WGN, Chicago.

Every Saturday evening at 9:30 o'clock, he is heard on the "Home Front" program, originating in the studios of WLS, Chicago.

Every Sunday morning at 11:00 o'clock, WJJD broadcasts the entire service of The Peoples Church.

Listen in and send him your comments.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM

THE People's Forum is a new venture in The Peoples Church. A very large and enthusiastic audience attended the opening lecture on Tuesday night, Oct. 20. A surprise visitor of the evening was the Mayor of our City, Mayor Edward J. Kelly, who was introduced and spoke briefly of his interest in the Forum, in keeping alive the democratic ideal among the people. An offering of nearly $300 was taken and presented to the Russian War Relief. A complete program of the season appears on page 1 of this issue.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY,
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, October 18, 1942.

"I AM sure that we all have one experience in common in the memories of our childhood, those of us who came out of the tradition of a little country town—and knew as our first religious association with life, a little white village church. I come from such a tradition, a little bit of a village and a little country town, and the first contact that I had with religion was my association with that little church. It was white, and it had a steeple, and it had a bell, and I don't know of anything that will awaken or arouse the memories of my childhood like the ringing of church bells. We do not hear them in the city very often. I happen to live in Chicago where I hear every morning at 6 o'clock a church bell. I think it is calling somebody to early prayer; and I never hear it without its doing me good, and sometimes I wish that we had a bell on the People's Church, and if we did, do you know the first thing that would happen? A petition from the neighbors which would probably be sent to the City Council, or to the Mayor, or Chief of Police, or somebody, saying that the People's Church was a nuisance. There are a lot of people who think it is anyway, and they are not going to be disturbed by the ringing of a church bell.

Well, there is an experience which most of us, who have that tradition, share. I don't remember much about the preaching that I heard, probably it was not what you might call very good preaching. I don't think the man who stood there was probably a university-trained mind; I don't think he was a graduate of a theological seminary; he was probably rather homespun, quite an ordinary man—a good man though, and while I do not remember the preaching I can remember a little bit of the choir because it was a typical village church choir. We had a bass singer who was asked once at prayer meeting whether he had had any voice training and he said, 'No, I sing by elevation, and when the note is way down, I go down, and when it is up, I sing up'—that's the kind of choir we had. They were not very good singers, but vitally more important, they were very good people, fine people — that's the most important thing.

The one thing I remember is Sunday school. We called it Sunday school; that was before the churches called it a Church school, or School of Religious Education; they were just plain Sunday schools, and we had a Sunday school teacher. I never liked to go in the summertime, but I did not mind it in the winter. Just the moment the first, luscious quality of the returning sunshine came in the Spring, and I heard the first note of the robin, the last place in the world I wanted to be was in Sunday school, and between you and me, I never recovered from it. I don't know why so many people are here this morning on this lovely morning. I can think of many places where you would get just as much benefit as you would here. I do not criticize people who are out-of-doors these beautiful autumnal days. Well, our Sunday school teacher always gave us a little colored picture card. Did you ever get one? You are nodding your heads all over the auditorium. And we used

to wait for those little colored cards; people dressed awfully funny in them, unlike anybody we knew. Men wore robes and great long hair and long whiskers, and there were pictures of funny things that we had never seen, palm trees and mountains. I had never seen a mountain, until I saw one pictured on those funny little cards, all vividly colored. For many, many years I kept them and I have them yet; they fascinated me. I could sit down, as a little boy, and look at those cards by the hour and frequently did, and I have a great collection of them. Does anybody know whether they give them out now or not?

One of those cards, I can see this morning across a half century of life. I can see it as vividly and plainly as I can see you. It was a picture of the Master standing at the door of an oriental home, and in his left hand he carried a lantern, and with the knuckles of his right hand he was knocking on the door of this home, and the card was called 'I am the light of the world.' That card fascinated me; it fascinates me this morning, because of the truth which that conveyed to a child's mind and heart that hadn't the remotest conception of the magnitude of its implications; still the message was there, 'I am the light of the world.'

Now, you know I don't very often take a text. I don't think I have done so more than three times in the 31 years that I have been in this pulpit. I don't like texts any more than I like subjects. I really don't like subjects. If I had my way all we would have here would be 'Preston Bradley will preach'; I would never have a subject. Sometimes subjects are in the way and I have been known to have a subject and then go away and leave it and never in the world get back to it again. There is a certain limitation to subjects. I recall one of my favorite sayings, which is what Henry Ward Beecher said . . . when shall we ever look upon his like again—the Shakespeare of the English-speaking pulpit, the greatest pulpit orator, I think, in many respects, the English-speaking world has ever produced. He said many things people did not like, all good preachers do. It is only the half-preachers who say things that everybody likes. All churches must have two doors, one to preach them in and one to preach them out; there must always be two doors. Henry Ward Beecher said: 'Heaven is all right for climate, but give me hell for company.' I think probably there is a little bit of truth in that too, but he also said: 'A text is a gate to the sermon. Some preachers swing on the gate, and others go in and explore the garden'—a garden of life, a garden where every flower of idealism and truth blooms, a garden of beauty, of exquisite perfume, where every flower of fragile loveliness, and every flower of magnificent strength, has its face toward the light—is blooming in the garden of life *in the light*. I think if I were to take a text, I should take it from that monumental and unimpeachable sentence of adequate explanation of why we have so much trouble in the world; why there are so many troubled lives; why there are so many broken hearts; why there are so many anxious moments; why civilization can come to those definite eras in the evolution of human society whereby intermittently in the unfoldment of the ages there burst those great outcroppings of light, and through art and music and poetry and drama and all the sheer loveliness of creativeness man sees clearly what he should do; what he ought to do in international relations; what he ought to do in the field of economics, in the realm of industry,

under the roof of his own house in relationship to his own family; on the basis of his friendships; with his loyalties, the things to which he gives himself body and soul. There are intermittent flashes of light along the shorelines of human history where man has vision, a vision of such light and illumination and brilliancy that he feels, at whatever cost, that ideal and that vision must be made a reality and he must put it into execution! It is LIGHT that does that, and I think if I were to take a text upon which I would hope to hang the broken threads of this discourse this morning, it would be that explanatory text from the Master mind, from that great truth, 'This is the judgment: That men refuse the light because their deeds are evil,' and somewhere within the confines of this idea is the explanation of that which is almost inexplicable: why men and nations do evil things when the opportunity for doing the right thing is so obvious! We are not moral imbeciles. Whatever the tragic defect of our achievements, thus far in the human race, it has not been in the area of our lack of knowledge. We have been able through the unfoldment of the centuries to develop a technique of inquiry, or investigation, of invention, together with the application of that science demonstrated every day of our lives to decrease the area of our own ignorance . . . there is not any question of that. Doctor Breasted told us that only 5,000 years ago man had no moral consciousness whatever; he was not acutely adjusted to that which we speak of as the higher morals in the conduct of people today. Fifty centuries of evolution it took, just as we find that through the centuries the beat of the tom-toms of the jungle grew into the music of Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. Man has been going on evolving out of the limitations of the blackness of his own ignorance, the darkness of his own forest, the devitalizing quality of the lack of sunshine; he has been making that victory until in this hour it is possible for us through what we have been able to do with our inventive genius, our scientific understanding, our constant penetration into the mysteries of Nature; going into the whole problem of energy particles related to electronic energy; when every element of the universe is gradually being revealed so that it becomes the servant instead of the master; when we are able to enter the provinces of the mysterious, to find counter reactions and counter actions to the diseases that formerly killed us; when we are able to take the things that have been killing and annihilating us and turn them into curative agents. The mighty mind of man has won the victory—we have gone out into the light until all the potentiality of that light is giving healing to broken bodies. A little baby born today in Chicago has a longer life expectancy than any child ever born anywhere at any time in human history; it has a perfect right to demand that it live longer: it will probably die sooner. And in our ability to bring the application of science and our inventive genius to every area of our lives we have certainly given evidence of magnificent intellectual advances. Why then, in the paradox of human history, when man stood on the mountain peak and had a glimpse under the sheer brilliant light of midday of the potentiality of his brain, intellect and heart, did he leave the midday and the light of midday that illumined vast distances of unknown years; that lighted up the dark places of unborn centuries; that had the accumulation of all the imperatives of honor, of decency, of nobility, of faith, of hope, of truth, and for the past 25 years retro-

grade from the mountain peak into the valley of blood and sweat and tears until at an hour when he could live more triumphantly, more efficiently and adequately and longer, with better health, better spirit, better opportunity, and could whisper and be heard around the world in the miracle of the ether and the application of electronic energy to the projection of his own words and music. . . . Why the darkness? Why the valley where the sun does not break through? Why?

Because men, some men, in some nations, loved the darkness better than the light, because their deeds were evil; and good men who loved the light and good men who loved goodness were forced into the conflict from which there was no avoiding, to see finally which was to remain the sovereign master of the destiny of man in the world—whether it was to be light or whether it was to be darkness; for when you turn the light on your life or nation, that which is evil cannot stand the light. Wicked men doing wicked things always work in the dark. Light reveals reality, just exactly what we are; and the individual who runs away from the light and is afraid of the verdict of that reality is the individual in trouble, and is the nation in trouble, for the light is the enemy of evil and evil things, and evil men demand the cover of darkness and they demand the cover of night.

LET THERE BE LIGHT! Light to lighten the dark places of the world; and let the light shine and the transformation will come! The first thing that men who are evil do is to try to cover up their deeds. They need the dark; they want the secretive; they demand the hidden; they cannot stand the white glare of the world; and the surest test of the rectitude of your life is to be found in the fact that you are perfectly willing the whole world should know. Dare you apply that to your life this morning? Dare the nations of the world apply that to their corporate life and individual affairs? What about the hidden treaties? What about the understandings of secret diplomacy that cursed the world twenty years ago? What about the subtle understandings between diplomats in their efforts to use peoples as pawns on the chessboard of their own ambitions? What about the secret conferences at Berchtesgaden? What about the hidden things of this world? They are evil things and their only result will be evil results, and the surest test in the area of our individual lives is the test of turning on the light, standing right in the glare, letting the light strike us straight in the face with no shadows, and then we are strong, then we are fortified. Just as to the one who finds himself, through error of judgment, uncontrolled passion, lessening of moral character, inherited predispositions, accumulated tendencies—whatever it is that drives us into the ranks of sin and sinning, a distorted, malformed and maladjusted, tragic life—the same truth is applicable. You say, 'I cannot bear the light, and they must never know.' I understand, you see, that there is none of us but what has a dark place in his life, no one but what has; not an individual in this congregation this morning, including the preacher, but what has a dark spot in his life. I am not unmindful of that, but what I am saying is, and what makes this a sermon above all things, is the fact that if I am ready and willing to let in the light and get my buried self, my hidden self, out into the light, the dark spots will all vanish. That, ladies and gentlemen, is salvation. That is what forgiveness means. That is what it means, from

the liberal standpoint of the liberal preacher, to find God; that is the truth of the soul's journey to the Infinite.

Let in the light and the dark places are illumined. You cannot kill light. You see darkness has no power over light, the power is with light over darkness; darkness can never put out light; light destroys darkness; and the light is aglow on the altar of men's hearts; and every faith, every race, every nation and era of all the recorded eight thousand years of human history in the life of man, every page of it, war and bloodshed, sorrow and heartaches, every page of it, there are no exceptions, in the recorded book of time, every page of it shows that there is some heart somewhere, some intellect, some creative energy, a Christ, a Plato, Homer, Shakespeare, John Milton, an Emerson, a Lincoln, that there is always a mind full of light, and that mind full of light will glow and glow until the minds that are full of evil and the hearts that are full of darkness will be vanquished by the light!

That hour is coming to this world again, as I said yesterday in my address to the General Conference of Women's Clubs, and I never felt more deeply the opportunity of influencing the lives of two million women of this nation, when I reiterated as best I could my deep, basic confidence of that truth.

Now, God has been very good to me, and I have tried to be good to God. I have failed; He has never failed. I have had a very active, busy life and I have loved every moment of it, every hour of it, and do yet, but I hope, and do you know it is almost a nightly prayer, that God will help me live to see the day of peace come to this world. I don't want to go away from this earth now; I don't want to leave it until the day dawns and breaks which will be the DAY OF LIGHT, in the dark venom-infested cell of my friend Kagawa of Japan who is a prisoner of the Japanese militarists at this hour and who probably is dying of tuberculosis with which he has become afflicted,—I wish he could live to see this day! And when my friend Pastor Niemoeller can come back to his great Dahlem pulpit as a free German and stand again without 300 Nazi police gathered around his church door, a free world! And when my dear old friend, the Archbishop of Warsaw, holding the sacred wafer places it upon the tongue of the devout worshipper of God who in the ecstasy of the presence of God feels the depth of worship, with no Nazi bayonet in his side. And my old friend with the prayer shawl about his shoulders and his skull cap, with his long, black beard, wailing his prayers at a wailing wall, with no stigma upon his ancient peoples! The day when every bomber will be grounded, every submarine will be surfaced, and every bayonet stacked! The day when men sit down to green covered tables of the world's diplomacy to build a better world! May, in that hour, there be reserved a place, a vacant chair, to be filled by One who is standing now outside the door with a lantern in his hand, knocking, knocking—'I am the light of the world.' "

UPTOWN PLAYERS of the PEOPLES CHURCH—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

In the Delightful Comedy

"Out Of The Frying Pan"

By FRANCIS SWANN

Friday Evening, December 11, at the Civic Theatre

Tickets $1.10 and 83 cents — Phone Webster 2123 for Reservations

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

DOWN in the small town of Belvidere, Illinois, there lives a little woman who has been confined to her bed forty years. When only fourteen years old she met with a frightful accident which injured her spine and she has never been able to stand up since. She has suffered much during these long years, and must have known inexpressible disappointments, discouragement, loneliness and sorrow. All of her family have died, she lives alone in a "wee house," as she calls it, and her neighbors give her devoted care, coming at stated times regularly to care for all her wants, cooking her meals in her tiny kitchen and serving them at her bedside. Many other friends in the town drop in at odd moments to give her attention or just to chat a few minutes, if they cannot stay longer. And no hospital could be more immaculate than that tiny house of three rooms, no patient more dainily spotless. It is the pride of her loving friends to keep her so. Children passing from school stop to tap on her window and smile and throw her kisses, often coming in to bring her flowers or show her some treasured pet or doll, or a drawing they've made. The postman brings her mail to her bed, and gives her a cheery greeting, and tells her how the weather is outside; likewise the newspaper boy. Everyone is her friend!

Some come to unburden their own troubles, and go away with her good counsel, cheered, comforted and uplifted. She has love and sympathy and encouragement for all—and something indescribable and intangible shines forth from her brilliant brown eyes, from her radiant smile. No complaints from her—no weeping (publicly)—no ill-foreboding; only hope and cheer, and implicit faith in the goodness of God. And withal she has a nice sense of humor—laughing and telling little jokes and relating happy things (still very real to her) that occurred in her life before her accident! She used to go fishing with her father, and she loves to tell Dr. Bradley about it. It is truly an inspiring experience to visit with May Ferguson—and a benediction! The following is a letter just received from her, in which she says:

"Your service yesterday was *so* wonderful! I hope *millions* heard it! To me it meant more than I ever could tell you! May God give you strength and health to carry on your work. I hear you each time you are on "Air." Look forward to each evening at six, as well as Sundays.

"These are such sad, dark days—*all* a 'mess'—and what the outcome may be only God knows—but we must pray, trust, and do our best! Surely it will end some day! Sacrifice must be great—but we each can, must and will do it!

"I am sending my small bit for radio —wish I could do more. Last week, our fund for the boys gone from the M. E. Church here, I wanted to do a little bit for—so you will have to wait for yours a little while. I'll do what I can—and when I can.

"Summer has not been very kind to me—and much sadness has been mine to endure. But I shall go on—do my *best*—give the sad world a smile—not tears. To the many mothers who come to my 'wee' room—it's a bit hard to say the words of comfort. So many of *my* 'boys' have been in to say good-bye—I will send them out with a smile—shed the tears when they are gone.

"Remember me to Mrs. Bradley—and you may know I am with you each Sunday and have a front 'seat' (radio).

Sincerely your friend,
May L. Ferguson."

* * *

Here are a few lines from another courageous heart, a Spanish-American mother, who is giving her all:

"Would it be possible to have a copy of the letter you read over WGN, Thursday eve, Oct. 1, from a soldier to his folks? I am a Spanish-American widow, have lost a son 31 years old, and have my only other one going into service very soon. I would like for him to have a copy of that letter, as he didn't hear you last eve. We wait with eagerness for your 6:00 o'clock program every night, also the Sunday services.

Respectfully yours,
Anna L. Witters."

* * *

What a tragic thought it is that children of ten and eleven are realizing to a surprising degree the serious state of the world and the danger to the country they live in. In our Mail Bag today I have found a letter from one of the faculty of River Forest Public Schools, enclosing some remarkable poems written by school children eleven years old. I give you two:

"JUNK

Collect your junk.
It's not junk any more.
Just gather it together.
And send it to war.

It may go into
A great big tank!
It'll make up for a ship
The Nazis sank.

So gather your junk.
Send it off to war.
And remember that junk
Isn't junk any more.

Doris Terrell
Age 11"

"VICTORY

The biggest man in all the world
Is our Uncle Sam.
He's leading our boys across the sea
To get us out of this jam.

He is sending food and ammunition, too,
For the help of our Mother-land,
And we will win this war
By lending a helping hand.

England, and Russia and China, we know,
Are needing about everything,
But before this war is over
We'll make Old Liberty ring.

If we buy war bonds and stamps,
Instead of candy and toys,
You and I can help Uncle Sam
Take good care of his boys.

For Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito,
We will not be a slave.
We'll follow through until the end
To see our flag still wave.

Rosemary Logan,
Age 11"

The teacher's letter follows:

"I am sending you a bit of poetry, which I thought you might enjoy reading. These poems have been written by boys and girls, 11 years old, in the schools of River Forest where I am teaching.

"I feel that the sensitiveness of some of their reactions to present day problems is unusually interesting, and the fact that the writers are so very young indicates that they too have strong feelings about things happening in the world today.

"The family, that is, the Adams', Ruth and I, enjoyed the service at your church last Sunday. I always feel that I take away so much from your service that is worth while and inspiring.

Sincerely yours,
Melvin Anderson."

Time to close the Mail Bag. Be sure to write!
AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Autumn

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

WHEN the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it's then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

ARE YOU BAZAAR MINDED?

OF course you are! Some people there are, who think of a job ahead as a great obstacle to be surmounted and tire themselves out in the mere thinking about it, thus weakening their equipment for properly handling the work when the time comes. Not so with the members, friends, radio listeners and shut-ins who are numbered among the Peoples Church audiences.

This Bazaar is by no means a new venture, having been an annual event now for some twenty-eight years in the Peoples Church, and those who make it a great success year after year must not be the kind of people at all that we have mentioned above; for early in December, year after year, when all the gifts are in and counted, Channing Hall is overflowing with the harvest of gratitude from those who benefit by association with this great institution, —the Peoples Church.

This year the Bazaar will be held on Thursday and Friday, December 3rd and 4th. Luncheon and dinner will be served in Channing Hall on both of

these days. Some people like to spend the day, while others come for dinner and stay all evening, becoming acquainted with the church members and enjoying the general fun.

On Monday, November 30th, beginning at 1:30 in the afternoon, there will be an opportunity for those who have not made their donations to present them at the Donation Tea, at which Mrs. Preston Bradley is always hostess, assisted by the officers of the Woman's Club. This tea is an annual event prior to the bazaar. There is always an interesting and beautiful program arranged for this particular afternoon, and your gift to the Bazaar admits you to the tea and program.

A special effort is needed to make the Bazaar a success in these difficult times. Our friends have been loyal through other trying times in the past. Let us not fail to make a special effort to bring this Bazaar up to our usual success.

DR. BRADLEY BECOMES A COLUMNIST

THE Chicago Sun inaugurated with the issue of Sunday November 1, a weekly supplement, to be known as "Book Week." This supplement will be one of the most important literary supplements in this country, and fulfills a long felt need of the Middle West.

Dr. Bradley has been invited to conduct a weekly column in this literary supplement, dealing with books on religion and ethics. Dr. Bradley's success with his own book lectures, now in their tenth year, prompted the editors of The Chicago Sun to invite him to do these book reviews.

Following is the review which he did for the first number of "Book Week."

THE RELIGIOUS BOOK OF THE WEEK
BY
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

The first word in the first article of this first weekly column must be one of gratitude. Every Sunday I am to have the great opportunity of discussing some important book which has as its theme the inspiring, ennobling quality of lifting our lives into higher areas,—a book which realistically and creatively will be an event in the life of the reader.

The book which I choose may not necessarily be a new book. "Any book is a new book if you haven't read it." There are many great books which never received the recognition to which they are entitled.

From the time as a child when I started to build my own library until today, I have loved and collected books, until that first Queen Anne soap box which I had re-built into a bookcase now has grown large enough to hold nearly 5,000 volumes.

Every Wednesday evening for ten years I have spoken on books in a regular lectureship, and now I am to have the opportunity of chatting with you every week about books. It is an opportunity and a responsibility. I am grateful for both.

I am not a book reviewer or a book critic. These are two separate things. Perhaps the idea conveyed by the word "interpreter" more accurately designates my kind of book discussion. It is impossible for me to concern myself with any book which does not arouse

my enthusiasm. The book must stir me; it must challenge me; it must arouse me; it must inspire me; it must inform me; in other words, it must do something besides merely entertain me —and I do not underestimate the need of entertainment. A great book will do all of these things and entertain in the full meaning of that word.

One of the most frequent questions which is asked me as I go about the country is—"Don't you think people are becoming more interested in religion and the religious life?" Without any doubt this is so. . . . . .

Now we are in trouble. Our nation and everything which our nation represents is in jeopardy. We turn instinctively to the Power which can see us through. We want to make contact with that Power. . . . . .

Nowhere is the nationwide interest in spiritual reality more manifest than in the public's reaction to books. The undertone of all the important books these days is the preservation of the spiritual values, whether the book is about economics, international relations or fiction; the theme is always—a better world.

I do not mean by religious books—theological works. Theology is important; but the nationwide renaissance is not theological, and rarely, if ever, will I discuss here books of a purely theological character. They belong in the field of the specialist. The books which concern me are the great books which have a general appeal to the people who are living through the most critical hour of human history; the people who want the finest equipment of body, soul and mind, to meet triumphantly every experience which is before them. Books—written by authoritative men and women—of this character are being published and read today in unprecedented numbers. It is these books which I shall attempt to appraise.

Anyone who desires to lay a solid foundation for an understanding of religion ought not to neglect the great book, "A Realistic Philosophy of Religion," by Garnett A. Campbell, associate professor of Philosophy in the University of Wisconsin, and published by the Willett-Clark Co. here in Chicago. Do not permit the fact that the writer is a professor to lead you to think that the book is necessarily academic, involved or difficult. Few professors are writing like the traditional conception of professors. Some of the most lucid, dynamic and interesting writing being done today is coming from professors. Today's professor is seldom a dull individual. This book will clear away many confused ideas and the reader will have an adequate foundation upon which to construct a well-ordered philosophy of religion, which is just another way of saying, a well-ordered life; for religion and life cannot be separated.

The monumental book, with the single word "Christianity" as its title, by Prof. Harris F. Rall, is another book all Christians of every creed and church ought not to neglect. This book won the Bross Award of $15,000. Dr. Rall might not desire me to say this, but I happen to know that one-tenth of the Award was donated to the work of the church, for Dr. Rall practices the giving of tithes.

In the opening article I have merely stated the ideals which I have for this weekly column. It is an opportunity which I will try and utilize for the presentation of the best books of our day—books which, when known and read, will enable each of us to make a finer effort to fulfill our part in the coming of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

The Liberalist

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EDITORIAL

RECENTLY it was my opportunity to address the directors' meeting of the General Federation of Women's Clubs which was in session in Chicago for two days. These women represent the 2,000,000 women of America at work in Women's Clubs and were from every state in this union. Preceding me on the program was James M. Landis, director United States Office of Civilian Defense. Mr. Landis, as you recall, was Dean of the Law School of Harvard University, from which position he took a leave of absence for the duration. I wish you might all have heard the quiet, impressive and logical manner in which he outlined the necessity for the activities of civilian defense here at home.

We are not facing a theory here in America, we are facing a fact; one of the most important and all-out facts we have ever faced. The other day I heard from the lips of a young man who had just returned from the Aleutian Islands and had already passed through seven battles in that area, the following: "Make no mistake about it, our enemies mean business. They are determined to win. They believe the peace terms will be dictated by their Japanese Generals in the White House. They are unafraid of death. For centuries they have been taught to believe that dying for country and Emperor meant immortality as a god. Only the other day the Emperor attended services held in a Japanese temple, in which the souls of 15,000 dead Japanese were coronated as gods. Death holds no terrors for them. Men who have engaged in battle with the Japanese have no illusions about this war. It is a titanic struggle for survival." We might just as well make up our minds to this truth right now. There is no alternative. To those of us who are close to the heartaches and sorrows which war always brings, our desire is always to do everything we can to help those for whom the war comes in all its fury.

There is no use now of saying as we hear so frequently—"Oh, if such and such had happened, this all would have been avoided." The democracies have made many mistakes in the past. Every nation has made mistakes, and

tragic mistakes they were. It all might have been different, but it *wasn't!* We have to begin from where we are. You cannot turn back history's pages. There they are. The record is made. There is nothing which can be done about the past and that little word "if" is a word which we should all throw away.

The only value of this past and the remembering of our mistakes is that when the opportunity comes again—and it will—we will not repeat these mistakes. There will come a day when every bomber will be grounded, every submarine will be on the surface, every bayonet stacked—then will come one more chance to create the kind of a world man has evidenced down the centuries he is capable of creating when he is his highest and best self. When that day dawns, we must not fail. Every good and precious thing we have ever known is under fire. Evil men and evil forces are loose in the world. There is work, and sacrifice and tears for us all before the job is done, but let us do it so well that never again will a generation be compelled to pass through what this generation is going through at this hour.

When you enter your churches and temples do not forget a prayer—a prayer that the day will speedily come when the lights will go on again all over the world. I saw them go out in Europe in 1914, for I was in the heart of Europe at the time. I want to see them go on again—lights which will illumine all the dark places of the world, when fear and want and hate will no longer black-out the light of understanding, good will and faith. It will be the happiest moment in the world's history when tyrants and evil men are no longer in power.

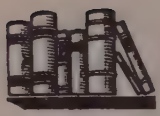
You who pray our Lord's Prayer, when you pray "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,"—say the words reverently—slowly. Let the full implication of them soak into your very souls. "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." The will of God is done in Heaven. Our task, our hope, our responsibility is to so defend, so work, so live, that the will of our Father may be done on earth—to this let us dedicate all we have—all we are—until the day breaketh!!!

P. B.

THE FOLLOWING NEW MEMBERS WERE PUBLICLY WELCOMED INTO MEMBERSHIP IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Sunday, October 4th, 1942:

Mrs. Charles Bosch
Miss Constance M. Burke
Mrs. Augusta C. Eldred
Mrs. Mabel Hawley
Mrs. Jewel Streeter Iversen
Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Jamison
Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Jensen
Mrs. Mildred Pecha
Mrs. Harry E. Burke
Mrs. Alice Carmody
Miss Nellie R. Dorsey
Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar Kroll
Miss Virginia Alice Lee
Miss Florence Olson
Miss Jean F. Pitsner
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Rattel
Mrs. Clyde Wells



BOOK CHATS

THERE is a veritable avalanche of books coming from the publishers these days—so many of them it is utterly impossible for me to read them all, although I do try to read three or four a week. I have never known a season when the books were more uniformly good and were of such a vital character that one feels that most of them ought not to be missed. The whole general tone of the books being offered is higher than it has been for years. While it is true a great majority of them deal with the world situation, with the war as a background, yet there are many others which cover the general field of literary and human interest.

In all the ten years of our Wednesday Book Lectureship I have never found it more difficult to select books to review than I am finding it these days. I try to keep the Wednesday book discussions as well balanced as possible. Following are the books which I have chosen for the month of December:

December 2—"This Is My Best," An Anthology

December 9—"Van Loon's Lives," by Hendrik Willem van Loon

December 16—"And Green Grass Grows All Around," by Marguerite Lyon

December 23—"The Other Wise Man," by Henry van Dyke

December 30—"A Time for Greatness," by Herbert Agar

December is always a busy month with everybody and will be more so this year than ever, and inasmuch as most of the stores are open in the evening during the month, many people find it difficult and impossible to attend the book lectures, but our experience of other years shows that the interest is very well sustained and the effort is undeniably worth while. We shall go right through the season with the book lectures, speaking every Wednesday night until Holy Week, which begins April 18. A book lecture will be published each month during the season in the Liberalist.

* * *

I call your attention to a little book which has come my way called "A Personal Philosophy for Wartime," written by James L. Mursell, Professor of Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University. There are many books of similar character coming along these days, but thus far this is the most satisfactory to me of any I have yet seen. It is not a book of pious platitudes, but is a liberating philosophy for Americans in a time of crisis. It is published by Lippincott and has the virtue of not being bulky or large. It is separated into three divisions: first, "The Basic Doctrine"; second, "The Cycle of Personal Relationships"; and third, "The Cycle of Material Concerns." Under the second cycle, it deals with marriage, parenthood and friendship in war time. The author clearly portrays that a time of war, with all of the worries and anxieties is not just an era to be endured and lived through, but also presents a challenge and an opportunity. He maintains that war is an opportunity for every individual to discover the best that is in him; to increase his stature and develop new strength. In other words the book shows how each of us can keep his own personal flag flying and by intelligent, planned action,

develop a philosophy that works.

The author is an authoritative voice and has been a contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, Parents Magazine, Psychological Review and many others. This one quotation will give you an inkling of his treatment. "To be an American is to share in a great ideal. To be an American is to be a comrade in a great company, past, present and future, of free men, whose freedom is their strength To be an American is to be a partner in a great work. To have a part, even a small one, in all this, takes us far beyond our narrow selves and gives a meaning to our lives." His chapter on "Our Future," is one of the most lucid presentations which I have come across. I have not definitely decided on my January list, but I am quite certain before the season is over I will spend a Wednesday evening on this book.

* * *

It is interesting to notice that while we are engaged in a war which commands much of our thought and attention, several books have been published recently which deal with war and previous wars, but which specifically do not touch the present war except by inference and deduction.

A new book by Carl Sandburg is always an event, and in his last book, "Storm Over The Land," a profile of the Civil War and published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, we have 440 pages devoted to the period of the Civil War drama. It is not a formal history and nearly all the material is taken from the four volumes of his biography of Lincoln. The mere fact that you may own or have read the other volumes dealing with the same period ought not to prevent you from knowing this book, for he has introduced some new material and presented it in his own inimitable style and manner. The depths of Sandburg's humane attitude and human sympathy is apparent everywhere throughout the book. The arrangement is entirely new and he presents, as his own phrase says, "the big moments dazzling with decisions at bloody crossroads." At the same time the Vanguard Press gives us a book by George Fort Milton on "Abraham Lincoln and the Fifth Column," and in many particulars it is more specialized than the Sandburg book, and deals with the internal struggle which the North had to face in an effort to maintain its own unity. While these two books do not deal with the present period, they are of great value to one who wants to understand many of the acute problems and difficult situations which are current and I heartily recommend them to you.

* * *

Hartzell Spence, who wrote the interesting biography of his father called "One Foot in Heaven," has now given us his own life as a preacher's son, which he calls "Get Thee Behind Me." It was a tradition that preachers' sons usually turned out badly. This idea has been widely accepted, but when you get into the actual facts of the matter, there isn't one scintilla of evidence that the traditional remark even approximates the truth. The fact of the matter is that there are more sons of preachers who develop into fine leadership than of any other professional man; and if you want to spend an enjoyable evening, that will take you away from the hectic days in which we are all living, read "Get Thee Behind Me." It is one of the most fascinating, rollicking, enjoyable books. Hartzell Spence, author, is now Captain Spence, and is the executive editor of "Yank," the army newspaper. Like all good biographical writing,

Captain Spence has looked at himself with rare aloofness, and is not unaware of his own very normal shortcomings. The book is entitled to the same consideration and wide reading which greeted his first book, "One Foot in Heaven." It is a book that would be a definite antidote to many of the graphic and tragic stories which are being written of the men who are suffering and dying in the war. I think many a man in the military service would relish this book and it would have a distinct place in resting his mind and easing his heart, without distracting from the necessary work which is before the soldier. I am grateful that Hartzel Spence has found the time to give us this delightful story, these interesting, rollicking and humorous anecdotes, all clothed in a beautiful philosophy of devotion and admiration, which he had for his preacher father.

* * *

For our first Book Lecture in December, I fear I have chosen a book which is altogether too difficult for an hour's discussion, as it deals with the achievements of 93 American writers. Each of these writers in the anthology has contributed what he considers his best example of creative writing. Obviously it will be impossible for me to discuss all of the writers, but I propose to take four or five and speak of their best work, as determined by themselves as judges. The book itself is a book which every student of creative writing should own and read. If you are interested in writing yourself, it is a "must" book for you. A writer never ought to copy the style of another, or become so obsessed with the style that even unconsciously it reveals the source of his inspiration or the model which he is attempting to follow. One of the tests of all good writing is originality, but originality in its highest and best sense. Originality does not necessarily mean freakishness or the spectacular, but it does mean a uniqueness of presentation which can be identified with you and you alone. All of the great writers acknowledge their obligation to previous creative minds and with many great writers some of their early works reveal definitely their models, but as they progress in writing, it becomes increasingly difficult to trace their sources of technique.

P. B.

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Dr. Bradley's Engagements for the Month

From September 15th to October 15th

SEPTEMBER

18—Madison, Wisconsin. Constitution Day Address.

20—Opening service. Peoples Church

21—Radio Address. WGN

22—Radio Address. WGN

23—Address. Shriner's Club. Sherman Hotel
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Civilian Defense Meeting Herzl College

24—Met Brig. Gen Krogstadt and visited Unit No. 1 (Stevens Hotel)
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Fair Oaks Masonic Lodge. Oak Park

25—Radio Conference
Radio Address. WGN

26—Radio Address. WLS

27—Sermon. Peoples Church
Address. Civilian Defense Meeting. Lakeside Place. Dedication.

28—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Grand Ave. Congregational Church. Milwaukee, Wis.
Radio Address. WGN. War Bond Broadcast

29—Address. Chicago Assoc. of Life Underwriters. Hotel LaSalle
Radio Address. WGN

30—Two Addresses. School Assemblies. South Bend, Ind.
Address. South Bend Lions Club. South Bend, Ind.
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Presbyterian Church. South Bend, Indiana

OCTOBER

1—Radio Address. WGN

2—Commencement Address. Great Lakes Naval Training Station. Graduating class of 2,200 sailors

3—Radio Address. WGN

4—Service. Peoples Church
Address. Marion Ave. Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill.

5—Address. Chicago Temple. Council of Ministers
Radio Conference
Address. Chicago Club for Crippled Children
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Braeside School PTA of Highland Park

6—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Portage Park Community Club. Portage Park School

7—Radio Address. WGN
46th Annual Banquet Wisconsin Bldg. & Loan League. Plankinton Hotel, Milwaukee, Wis.

8—Radio Address. WGN
Address. Presby. Theological Seminary Student Fellowship Dinner. House of Commons

9—Radio Address. WGN

11—Service. Peoples Church
Address. Warren Avenue Congregational Church

12—Address. Woman's Club of Peoples Church. Opening Luncheon. Edgewater Beach Hotel
Attendance Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library
Address. "Hail and Farewell to Bob Elson." Grand Ball Room. Sherman Hotel
Radio Address. WGN

13—Radio Conference
Radio Address. WGN

14—Address. Lake Forest College Assembly Program. Durand Auditorium
Radio Address. WGN
Address. Glenview, Ill. Glenview Community School

Weddings

SEPTEMBER

19—Walter K. Noble and
Louella Hoffart
George Dwight Lovekin and
Naomi A. Ryburn
Badgley Ross and
Beverley Gaw
Arthur Nelson and
Marie Oeller
21—Kenneth Furr and
Bertha Berkenhagen
23—Alexander Gerard and
Marie E. Landsheft
26—Orrin I. Smith and
Marie Hoest
Thomas Jeffries and
Bernadene McElvaney
Raymond E. Parker and
Mable E. Lucas
Carl Ahlstrand and
Juanita C. Kirby

OCTOBER

2—Melville H. Ensminger and
Virginia Raichel
3—Scott A. Dillon and
Lulu N. Cord
10—Evan F. Binkerd and
Jerene Hallen
Les Mitchell and
Madeline Graub

Christenings

SEPTEMBER

20—Carol Anne Vesperman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vesperman
27—Kenneth Wayne Guersch, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Guersch
Raymond Ernest Marx, son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Marx
Donald L. Gravenor, son of Mr. and Mrs. John Gravenor

OCTOBER

4—Mary Frances Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stewart
James Richter Hutchison, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Hutchison
Karen Lynda Ohlin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ohlin
Diana Mae Zellers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Zellers
11—Carolyn Lois Christ, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Christ, Jr.
Paul Egon Roge, son of Mr. and Mrs. Kaj Roge
Richard David Shoop and Barbara Frances Shoop, children of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Shoop

Funerals

SEPTEMBER

26—Mrs. Nellie Rathburn

OCTOBER

1—Walter Kestin
3—Nels P. Holme
4—Miss Dorothy Carter
6—George L. Schein
7—Leslie J. Robb
8—William S. Hawkins
10—Miss LeMarr Jann
13—Wm. C. Calvert
14—Wm. H. Grauer

BROADCAST OF DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Given over WGN, October 23rd, 1942. Printed by Popular Request.

GOOD evening:—This evening we open our Question Box, which will be a feature of this broadcast series on Friday evenings during the fall and winter. . . . . One certainly receives a very clear impression of a cross-section of the thinking and difficulties which are besetting our people from the type of questions which they ask. One almost covets a super-human power in the desire to help people whose questions reveal the anxiety and the concern which occupy many minds and hearts these days.

The first question which came to me in the first letter which I opened was, "How long do you think this war will last?" It was the question asked in the second letter and the third letter, until I think fully 70% of the questions were along the same line. "How Long Do You Think This War Will Last?" There is nothing unusual or strange about so many people asking that question. I hear it every day and so do you. Not being a military expert and knowing nothing of military plans or technique, there is an answer which might be given, but which really is not an answer at all. "How long will the war last?" I think I know. It will last until victory comes for the united nations of the world; but I know that is not the answer which concerns so many people. We are thinking in terms of days and months and years, and from what observation I can make and with the limitation of not knowing all that is in the minds of the military powers and of those fighting for freedom, I do not think there is any person in this or any other country who knows definitely how long this war will last. At best it is a hazard and a guess on everyone's part. The discriminating and thoughtful person recognizes the impossibility of being definite as to time or date. We must all be on guard that our opinions in this matter are not stimulated by wishful thinking. Sometimes, you know, the wish can be father to the thought. It is incredible to me that anyone could desire the war to last a single hour longer than necessary to realize its purpose. All clear-thinking, unprejudiced people must desire the war over as speedily, as quickly, as possible.

No one can deny but what there are stirring, underneath the surface of things, in these critical hours, significant undercurrents throughout the world. There is an activity of men, leaders, armies, navies, in every part of the world, which is all prophetic of things to come. That we are rapidly approaching a climatic stage of the war seems perfectly obvious and what is happening is happening everywhere. Not only is it happening on the basis of the military development, but equally as important activities are taking place within the totalitarian countries themselves. The broadcast of DeGaul that now is the time for the French people to revolt; the presence of Darlan in Dakar; the blizzard of Stalingrad; the restlessness of Norway, and many other happenings, all predicate a very significant and decisive winter ahead. The desperation of Hitler in attempting to get slave labor into Germany's agricultural districts and its munition factories, a problem which not one of the United Nations has, indicates that he has reached the peak

of his resourcefulness; another situation which does not apply to the United Nations, for we are nowhere near the peak in production or in the utilizing of resources. It cannot be said that the United Nations are on the offensive yet, and of course wars are never won by remaining on defensive, but there is every indication that the offensive will soon be taken and that will be the beginning of the victory which will mean the end of the war.

Another question which was asked more than once was, "Where do you find all the poems which you read during the broadcasts?" Well, it is sometimes as difficult to find the appropriate poem for a broadcast as it is to do the broadcast itself, but for many years I have been a collector of poetry, and when I find a verse anywhere, in a newspaper, in a magazine, which appeals to me, I clip it and file it away. Besides, there are many first-rate anthologies of enduring poetry. I have probably a dozen in my library. One of the most vital of our contemporary poets, who has also made one of the finest anthologies, is Thomas Curtis Clark, and his book of "1000 Quotable Poems" I have found indispensable. And then there is the "Desk Drawer Anthology," of poems for the American people, which grew out of a radio appeal by Alexander Woollcott. Sometimes it is necessary to read through 25 or 50 poems to find one which is apropos. But no one can read a poem without the poem doing something to him. I always welcome poems sent in by our listeners and have used many on this broadcast.

I was not surprised, but was highly gratified at the number of questions having to do with good books for people to read during the duration, and several were quite specific in asking me to name books which I felt would meet one situation or another. A listener in Oak Park asked me what book I could suggest as being the best presentation of the objectives of the United States in this war. There are many, of course, dealing with the place and purpose and reason for this nation's being engaged in this war, but I know of none more challenging and more clarifying than a very recent book by Herbert Agar, which he calls by the alluring and attractive title "A Time for Greatness." I realize the word challenge is an overworked word, and because it is may have lost much of its power and significance, yet there is no other word to describe this book. It challenges one's faith in democracy. It challenges our knowledge of and our faith in our traditional way of life. It challenges us to face the problems before America and take vigorous action to preserve our heritage. History demands of America an especial greatness at this moment. We are forced to act, to make decisions whether we wish to or not, and if we act in such a way as to give the world America's often neglected heritage of equality, we can justifiably hope for not only victory, but a just and lasting peace. The book is a thorough re-examination of our institutions, business, labor, the press and politics—with a suggestion that we save what is good, and re-shape what has fallen into decay. This book, "A Time for Greatness," will clarify many situations and simplify many of our problems, in the light of that rendezvous with destiny which undeniably our nation has today. But I see my time is gone for tonight, and our Question Box is closed for this evening. To every listener, and to everyone, I hope you will have a pleasant weekend, and to all who are so busy and working so hard, may you find some rest and relaxation. Good night.

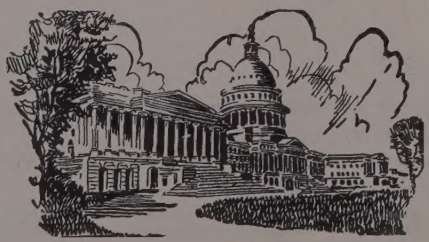
HONOR ROLL

At the afternoon service on Easter Sunday, the Honor Roll of The Peoples Church was unveiled. This roll contains the names of those members and workers in The Peoples Church, both men and women, who are "In the Service" of our country. Names will be added from time to time, as it becomes necessary.

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Howard Wentz
Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Wendel Estal
Winslow Heg
Herbert Bluhm

Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
William F. Hobbs
Duane Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Muriel Mlyniec
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
William V. Myers
Alfred Taylor

Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Charles Fuss
Charles C. Crane
Robert Plumley
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer



Church Activities

✦ ✦ ✦

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE....Broadcast by WJJD....11:00 o'clock

Weekly Broadcasts by Dr. Bradley:—Nightly, WGN, 6:00 o'clock
Saturday evening, "Home Front" Program—WLS 9:30 o'clock

Thanksgiving Service, Thursday morning, November 26th, 11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE.....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
Channing Hall, Sunday morning, 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH.....Hall C, Sunday morning—11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES.....
Every Wednesday evening, 8:00 o'clock sharp, Church Auditorium

CHOIR REHEARSALS....Thursday evenings, 8:00 o'clock Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT. Every Thursday in Channing Hall—9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB....Saturday, 7th—Rummage Sale—2757 Lincoln Avenue—8:00 a.m.-9:00 p.m.—Mrs. H. Wohlfarth, Chrmn. Monday, 9th—1:00 p.m. American Citizenship Day—Mrs. E. M. Berger, Chairman. Monday, 23rd—1:00 p.m. American Home Day—Mrs. C. W. Denicke, Chairman. Monday, 30th—1:30 p.m. Donation Tea—Program—Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hostess.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Monday, November 9th—8:00 p.m.—"Beauties of North and South in Kodachrome"—Roy A. Breymeier. Music.

Monday, November 30th—8:00 p.m.—Bazaar Donation Party—Dorothy Young, Chairman.

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